

HIS LOVE STORY

MARIE VAN VORST

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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SYNOPSIS.

—14—
Le Comte de Sabron, captain of French cavalry, takes to his quarters to raise by hand a motherless Irish terrier pup, and names it Pitchoune. He dines with the Marquise d'Esclagnac and meets Miss Julia Redmond, American heiress. He is ordered to Algeria but is not allowed to take servants or dogs. Miss Redmond takes care of Pitchoune, who, longing for his master, runs away from her. The Marquise plans to marry Julia to the Duc de Tremont, Pitchoune follows Sabron to Algeria, dog and master meet, and Sabron gets permission to keep his dog with him. The Duc de Tremont finds the American heiress capricious. Sabron, wounded in an engagement, falls into the dry bed of a river and is watched over by Pitchoune. After a horrible night and day Pitchoune leaves him. Tremont takes Julia and the Marquise to Algeria in his yacht but has doubts about Julia's Red Cross mission. After long search Julia gets trace of Sabron's whereabouts. Julia for the moment turns matchmaker in behalf of Tremont. Hammet Abou tells the Marquise where he thinks Sabron may be found. Tremont decides to go with Hammet Abou to find Sabron.

CHAPTER XXI—Continued.

It was rare for the caravan to pass by Beni Medinet. The old woman's superstition forebore danger in this visit. Her veil before her face, her gnarled old fingers held the fan with which she had been fanning Sabron. She went out to the strangers. Down by the well a group of girls in garments of blue and yellow, with earthen bottles on their heads, stood staring at Beni Medinet's unusual visitors.

"Peace be with you, Fatou Anni," said the older of the Bedouins.

"Are you a cousin or a brother that you know my name?" asked the ancient woman.

"Everyone knows the name of the oldest woman in the Sahara," said Hammet Abou, "and the victorious are always brothers."

"What do you want with me?" she asked, thinking of the helplessness of the village.

Hammet Abou pointed to the hut.

"You have a white captive in there. Is he alive?"

"What is that to you, son of a dog?"

"The mother of many sons is wise," said Hammet Abou portentously, "but she does not know that this man carries the Evil Eye. His dog carries the Evil Eye for his enemies. Your people have gone to battle. Unless this man is cast out from your village, your young men, your grandsons and your sons will be destroyed."

The old woman regarded him calmly.

"I do not fear it," she said tranquilly. "We have had corn and oil in plenty. He is sacred."

For the first time she looked at his companion, tall and slender and evidently younger.

"You favor the coward Franks," she said in a high voice. "You have come to fall upon us in our desolation."

She was about to raise the peculiar wall which would have summoned to her all the women of the village. The dogs of the place had already begun to show their noses, and the villagers were drawing near the people under the palms. Now the young man began to speak swiftly in a language that she did not understand, addressing his comrade. The language was so curious that the woman, with the cry arrested on her lips, stared at him. Pointing to his companion, Hammet Abou said:

"Fatou Anni, this great lord kisses your hand. He says that he wishes he could speak your beautiful language. He does not come from the enemy; he does not come from the French. He comes from two women of his people by whom the captive is beloved. He says that you are the mother of sons and grandsons, and that you will deliver this man up into our hands in peace."

The narrow fetid streets were beginning to fill with the figures of women, their beautifully colored robes fluttering in the light, and there were curious eager children who came running, naked save for the bangles upon their arms and ankles.

Pointing to them, Hammet Abou said to the old sage:

"See, you only women here, Fatou Anni. Your men are twenty miles farther south. We have a caravan of fifty men all armed, Fatou Anni. They camp just there, at the edge of the oasis. They are waiting. We come in peace, old woman; we come to take away the Evil Eye from your door; but if you anger us and rave against us, the dogs and women of your town will fall upon you and destroy every breast among you."

She began to beat her palms together, murmuring:

"Allah! Allah!"

"Hush," said the Bedouin fiercely, "take us to the captive, Fatou Anni."

Fatou Anni did not stir. She pulled aside the veil from her withered face, so that her great eyes looked out at the two men. She saw her predicament, but she was a subtle Oriental. Victory had been in her camp and in her village; her sons and grandsons had never been vanquished. Perhaps the dying man in the hut would bring the Evil Eye! He was dying, anyway—he would not live twenty-four hours. She knew this, for her ninety years of life had seen many eyes close on the oasis under the hard blue skies.

To the taller of the two Bedouins she said in Arabic:

"I understand now what you mean," said Madame. The comtesse was not a dreamer. Parisian to the tips of her fingers, elegant, fine, she had lived a conventional life. There had been taught to conceal her emotions. She had been taught that our feelings matter very little to any one but our-

self. She had been taught to go lightly, to avoid serious things. Her great-grandmother had gone lightly to the scaffold, exultingly courteous till the last.

"I ask your pardon if I jostled you in the tumbrel," the old comtesse had said to her companion on the way to the guillotine. "The springs of the cart are poor"—and she went up smiling.

In the companionship of the American girl, Therese de la Maine had thrown off restraint. If the Marquise d'Esclagnac had felt Julia's influence, Therese de la Maine, being near her own age, echoed Julia's very feeling.

Except for their dragoman and their servants, the two women were alone in the desert.

Smiling at Julia, Madame de la Maine said: "I haven't been so far from the Rue de la Paix in my life."

"How can you speak of the Rue de la Paix, Therese?"

"Only to show you how completely I have left it behind."

Julia's eyes were fixed upon the limitless sands, a sea where a faint line lost itself in the red west and the horizon shut from her sight everything that she believed to be her life.

"This is the seventh day, Therese!"

"Already you are as brown as an Arab, Julia!"

"You are well, ma chere amie!"

"Robert does not like dark women," said the Comtesse de la Maine, and rubbed her cheek. "I must wear two veils."

"Look, Therese!"

Across the face of the desert the glow began to withdraw its curtain. The sands suffused an ineffable hue, a shell-like pink took possession, and the desert melted and then grew colder—it wanted before their eyes, withered like a tea-rose.

"Like a rose!" Julia murmured, "smell its perfume!" She lifted her head, drinking in with delight the fragrance of the sands.

"Ma chere Julia," gently protested the comtesse, lifting her head, "perfume, Julia!" But she breathed with her friend, while a sweetly subtle, intoxicating odor, as of millions and millions of roses, gathered, warmed, kept, then scattered on the air of heaven, intoxicating her.

To the left were the huddled tents of their attendants. No sooner had the sun gone down than the Arabs commenced to sing—a song that Julia had especially liked:

Love is like a sweet perfume, it comes, it escapes. When it's present, it intoxicates; When it's a memory, it brings tears. Love is like a sweet breath, it comes and it escapes.

The weird music filled the silence of the silent place. It had the evanescent quality of the wind that brought the breath of the sand-flowers. The voices of the Arabs, not unmusical, though hoarse and appealing, cried out their love-song, and then the music turned to invocation and to prayer.

The two women listened silently as the night fell, their figures sharply outlined in the beautiful clarity of the eastern night.

Julia stood upright. In her severe riding dress, she was as slender as a boy. She remained looking toward the horizon, immovable, patient, a silent watcher over the uncommunicative waste.

"Perhaps," she thought, "there is nothing really beyond that line, so fast blotting itself into night—and yet I seem to see them come!"

Madame de la Maine, in the door of her tent, immovable, her hands clasped around her knees, look affectionately at the young girl before her. Julia was a delight to her. She was carried away by her frank simplicity, and drawn to her warm and generous heart. Madame de la Maine had her own story. She wondered whether ever for any period of her conventional life, she could have thrown everything aside and stood out with the man she loved.

Julia, standing before her, a dark slim figure in the night—isolated and alone—recalled the figurehead of a ship, its face toward heaven, pioneering the open seas.

Julia watched, indeed. On the desert there is the brilliant day, a passionate glow, and the nightfall. They passed the nights sometimes listening for a cry that should hail an approaching caravan, sometimes hearing the wild cry of the hyenas, or of a passing vulture on his horrid flight. Otherwise, until the camp stirred with the dawn and the early prayer-call sounded "Allah! Allah! Akbar!" into the stillness, they were wrapped in complete silence.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Meaning of Yankee.

There are several conflicting theories regarding the origin of the word Yankee. The most probable is that it came from a corrupt pronunciation of the Indians of the word English, or its French form Anglais. The term Yankee was originally applied only to the natives of the New England states but foreigners have extended it to all the natives of the United States and during the American Civil war the southerners used it as a term of reproach for all the inhabitants of the North.

Porto Rico Sugar Industry.

The important part played by the sugar industry in the material welfare of Porto Rico is shown by the figures of exports. Out of a total valuation of exports amounting to \$43,000,000 during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1914, sugar alone constituted over \$20,000,000. This was the lowest sum realized for sugar exports in five years. Under normal conditions sugar constitutes two-thirds the total value of all exports.

he takes the children out. That's where we shouldn't like to follow him. We know those children; they're worth knowing, but they hardly know their daddy, and sometimes we think mother would like to know him better. But he's too busy. He's always busy; and of course he works for them. They will share his success, but—wonder if they wouldn't rather share his life.—Milwaukee Journal.

Pursuit of wealth is the great human hurdle race.

Beyond Cunning of Science.

Chemists will tell you the rose is red, the violet blue, and so throughout the chromatic scale, giving reasons of nutrition and absorption of certain pigments, offensive in such cold diagnosis; but all the cunning of science can't give the ghost of an explanation of the individual perfumes of flowers. What care we, so we have the color and the perfume, and a smattering of knowledge of the beautiful process of creation?

Enterprising Youth.

Coming in on the train the other day was a little nervous mother and a flock of children. As the train neared Boston the mother began to question if everything was all right. "Have you got all the umbrellas, Johnny?" "I should say I had. I had four when I started, and now I've got six!"—Boston Transcript.

RICH IN ITS HISTORY

ISTRIAN TERRITORY HAS HAD AN IMPORTANT PAST.

Battlefield of Europe Throughout the Centuries, It is Again the Center of Discord—Strict Old Communal Regulations.

"Many long-slumbering memories have been quickened by the present restless flood of war that has engulfed in its course nearly all of the historic spots in Europe, recalling to the breathless onlookers in neutral lands, in the light of the tragic significance of these places today, their romantic stories of the centuries past."

begins a bulletin issued by the National Geographic society, treating of what life has been in Austria's Istrian territory, which the Italians are now attempting to invade. The statement continues:

"Istria, the wedge-shaped peninsula at the head of the Adriatic and the surrounding territory back of Trieste, not of great importance commercially or industrially and with few connections with the world in the West, thus little known and spoken of, unrolls a stream of highly interesting reminiscences of past civilizations when brought to attention as one of today's great battlefields. The civilization of the peninsula is ancient. Ionians from rich and cultured Miletus settled colonies there in the ninth century B. C. and in 735 B. C. the Corinthians followed them. The sunny culture of the Greeks once blossomed all along these shores, formed its artists here, built its temples, and at last gave way before the Celts, who arrived about the fourth century B. C. When the Romans were forced to crush the pirates of the North Adriatic, Istria fell under their domination, about 177 B. C. Following an uprising the Romans thoroughly subdued the land in 128 B. C. and in 127 B. C. 14,000 Roman colonists were settled there.

"Through the Dark Ages and well into the Middle Ages Istrian land was in the vortex of the struggle between the empires of the east and west, and then between Byzantium, the German powers of the north and the rising commercial cities of Italy. By 1145 Venice had established privileged connections with most of the Istrian towns. From this time date some very interesting records of social organizations on the peninsula. The land was organized into communes, with their chief magistrate, a small council or council of assessors, and a council of the people. The commune governments extended their work to an even greater degree than the most governed communities would think of doing today. Their regulations provided for all manner of domestic supervision. They fixed the time of new vintage, the time for selling new wine, the amount of bread that could be baked in one town, and administered 'pure food' regulations with greatest strictness.

"As today, judges went through the markets trying the food. These judges went before the taverns and tasted the wine before the innkeepers might put it on sale. The prices of foreign goods were fixed by the authorities and the quality of these goods carefully determined before they could be put on sale. Stone measurements were cut on fountains, on the foundation stones of public buildings and on other conspicuous places. Armed men were not allowed to enter the cities, the regulation against carrying weapons being deemed just as important then as now. However, a citizen-soldier who happened to kill an enemy during military practice was punished by immunity from punishment. Militarism had its privileges in Istria.

"In some of the cities the making of false money was punishable with death; the bearing of false witness, where no fine was collected, was punished by the loss of the right nostril and publication on the stair of the town hall of the delinquent as a perjurer. The destruction of property was punished by the loss of the right hand, and a long list of illegal words, oaths and objectionable phrases was attached to the section of the code that provided the punishment of the pillory for the blasphemer. Tips were strictly forbidden; the workman was forced to accept no more than the wage prescribed. The activity of able to be trusted with looking out for the people's welfare stretched to every little detail of domestic life."

The Power of a Post.

Signor d'Annunzio, Italy's poet-ideal and political leader, comes nearest of all men to justify the dictum of Fletcher of Saltoun regarding the power of the poet as a lawmaker. For d'Annunzio has "sung" Italy into war by his own ballads. In order that Fletcher may not suffer from the usual misquotation, his actual words may be here set down. They are taken from an "Imaginary Conversation."

"I knew," he says, "a very wise man so much of Sir Christopher's sentiment that he believed if a man were permitted to make all the ballads he need not care who should make the laws of a nation."—London Chronicle.

There are 155 creameries and 1,002 cheese factories in Ontario.

United States trade with Canada in 1914 amounted to \$492,450,324.

ARE YOU DISFIGURED BY SKIN ERUPTION?

Pimples, rashes, ringworm, prickly heat and, worst of all, that red itching, scaly torment, eczema, vanish when you use resnol ointment and resnol soap. There is no doubt about it. Even though your skin is so unsightly with eruption that you shun your friends and your friends shun you, resnol usually makes it clear and healthy, quickly, easily and at trifling cost. When you are sick of wasting time and money on tedious, expensive treatments, get resnol ointment and resnol soap from the nearest druggist and you will quickly see why physicians have prescribed them for twenty years for just such troubles as yours: Great for sunburn.—Adv.

A young woman named Gold and a young man named Ring were married in Minneapolis the other day. A court commissioner did the molding.

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Save the Babies.

INFANT MORTALITY is something frightful. We can hardly realize that of all the children born in civilized countries, twenty-two per cent., or nearly one-quarter, die before they reach one year; thirty-seven per cent., or more than one-third, before they are five, and one-half before they are fifteen!

We do not hesitate to say that a timely use of Castoria would save a majority of these precious lives. Neither do we hesitate to say that many of these infantile deaths are occasioned by the use of narcotic preparations. Drops, tinctures and soothing syrups sold for children's complaints contain more or less opium or morphine. They are, in considerable quantities, deadly poisons. In any quantity, they stupefy, retard circulation and lead to congestions, sickness, death. Castoria operates exactly the reverse, but you must see that it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. Castoria cures the blood to circulate properly, opens the pores of the skin and allays fever. Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

HOUSE HELP AND THE WAR

So Many People Are Staying Home That It Is Hard to Get Good Servants.

"Well," snapped a New York lady as she came out of an intelligence office, "I didn't think the war in Europe would make any difference to me in my daily affairs, as I don't run over to the other side every few weeks as some do, and miss it ever so much when they don't, but I am learning that it is really a great inconvenience."

"You know usually in summer good servants are not nearly so hard to get, but now so many people are staying home and keeping their servants that it is almost impossible to get a good one. One agent I saw yesterday told me she had had 12 calls in the morning from ladies who wanted house help of one kind or another and she had absolutely nothing to offer. I understand that 200,000 people will not be going abroad this year and every one of them, or their families, are exhausting the summer servant supply. I always did think war was dreadful, and now I think it is worse than ever."

One of London's Oldest Women.

Mrs. Mary Mitchell of Old Brompton, Chatham, recently celebrated her one hundredth birthday. She is a widow and is the granddaughter of a centenarian who died at the age of one hundred and three. As a member of the Wesleyan Methodist community, she was the first Bible woman to visit the homes of the royal marines as long ago as 1832.—London Times.

The worst thing about friends is the ease with which they are converted into enemies.

A man seldom saves any money after marriage unless he has a wife who will save it for him.

An income tax means an outgo check.

Miss Julia May's Candles.

It was Miss Julia May's birthday, and in honor of the occasion a cake had been baked to be decorated with candles, one candle for each anniversary. Dinner was being delayed and Miss Julia May called to Aunt Piney: "What is holding dinner, Aunt Piney?"

Aunt Piney's answer called for no further explanation: "Lardy, honey, is you forgot how many of dese candles dey is to light?"—Nashville Banner.

Why, Certainly.

Patience—So she's learning to dance, is she?

Patience—Yes.

"Where?"

"Why, on her feet, of course."

Match Wind Shield.

A new pocket holder for safety match boxes has a slide to form a wind shield when a match is lighted.

Drink Denison's Coffee.

For your health's sake.

Prosperity begins to pay the freight as soon as it is found out.

1% a Month With Safety

Close Corporation is now offered big increase in business, and to continue present dividend rate, will require additional capital for this new business—\$500 cash invested will earn same as \$2,000 in 3% savings account—Capitalists seeking control, don't write—Offer limited to \$1,000 each. Bank references given. Address B. C. Manager, care of Suite 1319-20, 431 S. Dearborn St., Chicago

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RICHES LIE IN OURSELVES

What the Man Is, Not What He Has, Makes Him Wealthy or Poor.

In my own life, as I wander farther and farther along the vagabond trail in search of truth and beauty, I find it easier and easier to find contentment without the riches of the world. Leave me imagination, and I shall still be rich; but give me all the wealth of the world and take from me imagination and you will plunge me deep into a bottomless hell of indescribable misery.

We cannot own things without being owned by them. Thoreau understood this. His life was so successful that Emerson wrote of him, "Wherever there is knowledge, wherever there is beauty, he will find a home."

I cannot live Thoreau's life. But I can live my own.

"In the transmission of heavenly waters," says Emerson, "every hose fits its hydrant."—Thomas Dreier, in the Nautilus.

A Test Case.

"I don't know whether my pretty neighbor takes me seriously or not."

"You can easily find out."

"How?"

"Pretend you have found another pretty neighbor in the same block."

Just So.

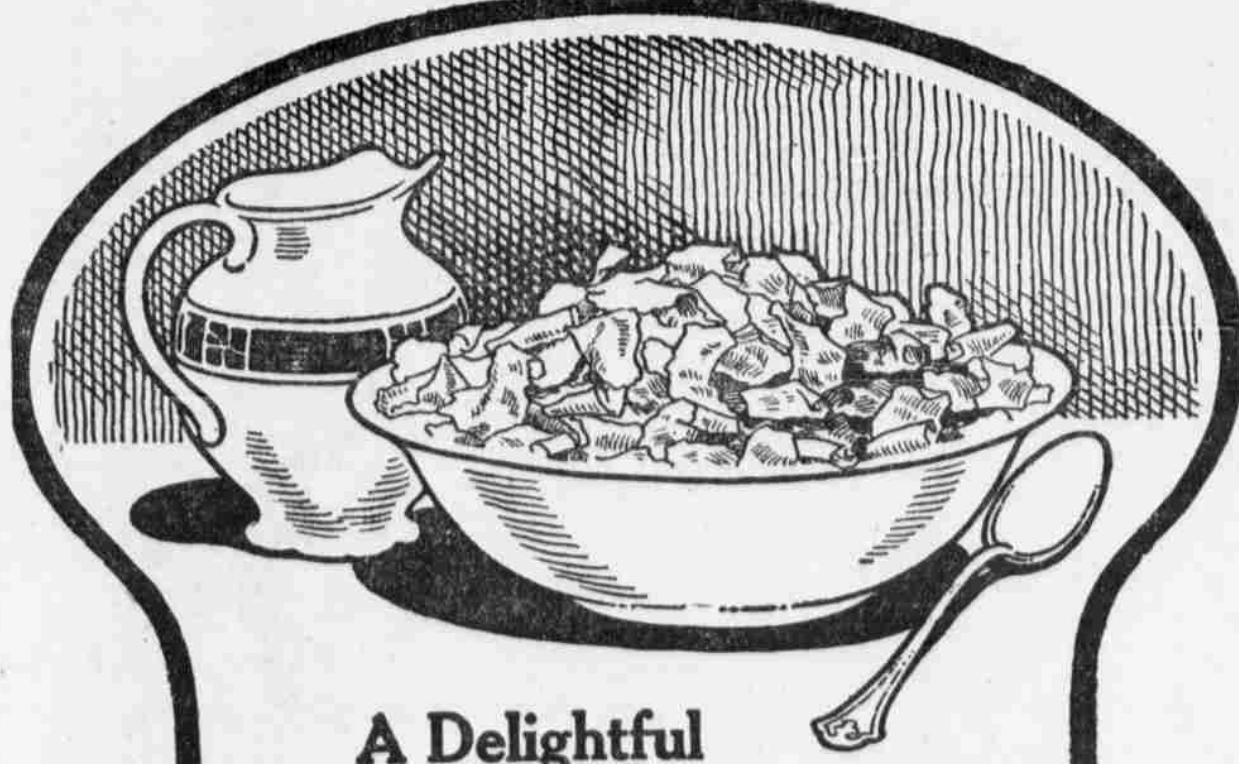
"What do you think of these here 'summer furs'?"

"It's carrying things pretty fur."

To die for a woman may be an act of bravery, but the man who leads her to the marriage altar and agrees to earn a living for her is a real hero.

Being happy is often a matter of not having anything to make you otherwise.

Women do not like new wrinkles any more than they do old ones.



A Delightful Treat

Post Toasties and cream

Dainty, delicious morsels of white Indian corn, toasted to a delicate brown. An appetizing dish served with cream or crushed fruit.

"Toasties" are ready to eat direct from package—Breakfast, lunch or supper—Enjoyed by old and young, and

"The Memory Lingers"

Grocers everywhere sell Post Toasties.

SUCCESS NOT ALL IN LIFE

Busy Man Should Not Forget That There Are Other Things Worth Consideration.

He went to New York the other day; that spelled success. We told him we were glad, because it was promotion, but we thought his wife looked a little tired around the eyes and maybe a little sorry to give up the beautiful new home that they'd been living in only two or three years. We knew

them both way back, when she was a country girl with the bloom of the open air in her cheeks and he was getting up at 4 o'clock to make an early morning train to the city and not getting back until 7, and doing his courting Sundays in an old piano box buggy.

A man who works like that gets on. They've lived in four cities now, and perhaps twice as many houses, and neither of them is even middle aged. They have the newest car there is, and he comes home after dark and drives her about town in it. And on Sundays

he takes the children out. That's where we shouldn't like to follow him. We know those children; they're worth knowing, but they hardly know their daddy, and sometimes we think mother would like to know him better. But he's too busy. He's always busy; and of course he works for them. They will share his success, but—wonder if they wouldn't rather share his life.—Milwaukee Journal.

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